

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

NO. 12.

NEWS NOTES.

—Judge Parsons, of St. Paul, is stricken with paralysis.

—Paymaster Fowler recently died at Fort Whipple, Arizona.

—There was ten acres of Hunters Point, New York, in flames on Tuesday.

—The wheat crop is short in Russia which means high prices in America.

—David Jerome was nominated by the republicans of Michigan for governor.

—England refuses to remove the restrictions prohibiting the importation of cattle.

—New York flour dealers are asking congress for a law to prohibit gambling in grain.

—Dr. Tanner gained seven pounds within forty-eight hours after the conclusion of his fast.

—Watermelon spectacle the Minneapolis Tribune styles Dr. Tanner's feast following his fast.

—The Tribune says the arrivals at the Clark House, Duluth, number from fifty to seventy-five daily.

—George William Curtis has taken the stump for Garfield.

—Route agent Keeler, of the Southern Minnesota line, caught stealing registered letters, "now in jail."

—H. H. Finley now figures in connection with a fraudulent insurance company, of which he is president.

—On the west that woman suffers; on the heart aches and the paige; only partially atoned for by her bangles and her bangs.

—The president will visit the Pacific coast in a few days, spending nearly two months in California and Oregon.

—Dr. Tanner received many offers of marriage, propositions to lecture from showmen, during his long fast.

—The Democratic party in Georgia is not in harmony with itself. This solid south business will not last long.

—John W. Goodman, of Pittsburgh, offers to bet \$5,000 that Garfield will carry New York and \$10,000 that he will be elected.

—The Globe-Democrat wants Jane Swine, her mother and other talkative female to hire a hall and try to keep from speaking a month.

—Col. Robins's gun case was found filled with smuggled goods on his return from Europe. The "Colonel" is in trouble because of it.

—Work has been resumed on the Washington monument after twenty-five years suspension. It will take four years to complete it.

—A St. Paul mining company has been organized for developing the quartz mines in the Bad Lands, sixty miles south of Fort Benton.

—Gen. Fremont attended the Garfield reception in New York. Said Fremont: "The first republican candidate for president greets the latest."

—Red Cloud and eight other Indian coffee coolers are camped near the Black Hills. They are advertised to appear at the Gem in a grand dance.

—Gen. Wm. O. Butler, a soldier of two wars and a candidate for vice president on the Lewis Cass ticket, died at the age of eighty-nine at his home at Carrollton, Ky.

—The anti-masons have found in Mr. Phelps of Vermont, an idiot who is willing to style himself the anti-masonic candidate for president of the United States.

—The Army Register reports that Chas. Ward, 36, ordnance sergeant, U. S. A., after thirty-three years consecutive service, has asked and received his first furlough.

—A street fight occurred in Toronto on Saturday last between Callahan and Orange. Callahan was badly beaten and has not any religion or sanity not enough to fight about.

—Big nose George, as well as the Benders, now in lumber. He was arrested at Rawlins a few days ago and the people are likely to put him where juries can't save him.

—The proposed compromise in the 1st Minnesota district will probably fail. It is believed Mr. Dunne will be elected, however, in spite of the dissatisfaction in some of the counties.

—The duel business still continues in the academy in South Carolina. The son of a wealthy planter, they fought with "Wagon" at twenty paces, and young Cash joined his fathers.

—The Stand by mine, Black Hills, with two 600 stand by mine worked by twenty men, has just given a return of \$8,000 from thirteen days work, and the mine is just beginning to develop.

—Revolution and music in Mexico. It is proposed to form the five northern states into a separate republic. Americans, of course, are ready to have a hand in it if there is a chance for plunder or excitement.

—There are now 51,600,000 standard dollars and \$25,000,000 fractional currency in the United States treasury, making in all \$76,600,000 and the courage is being carried on, only to force provision for storing.

—The Cameron, Dakota, Pioneer, reports the arrival at that place of a drove of sheep from Alabama, four months and twelve days thus having been consumed in making the journey. The sheep swam seventeen rivers and only one were "lost on the way."

—The Benders, now in jail at Fremont, confess their crimes and will be taken to Kansas for trial. Their crimes rival in enormity the blindest stories of fiction. Bluebeard of old, even, was not given a worse record for lying, as these rascals prove to be frauds who have murdered only in their minds.

—The three buildings east of the Hayes block, Duluth, were burned last Friday night, the fire originating from the carelessness of drunken tramps sleeping in a stable belonging to one of the buildings. Edward Conliff, a carpenter, boarding in one of the rooms, perished in the flames. The Hayes block was considerably injured in the way of broken glass and scorched front.

THE SIXTH INFANTRY

THE WAYS OF THE GALLANT OLD REGIMENT.

Interesting Personals.—Preparing Winter Quarters.—Jesse Meeker's Mistake.—Sergeant Felt's Adventure, Etc.

CAMP ON WHITE RIVER, COL., Aug. 1.—When I sent my last to THE TRIBUNE we were filled with the idea that the Sixth would not remain long in this vicinity. At present we are not near so confident, a change having come over the spirit of our dream. The latest intelligence is to the effect that the entire regiment will winter here, and the adobe yard is now in full blast. Capt. Penny is full of business, as quartermaster of the camp, and as the season is short the greatest energy must be exercised to get suitable shelters erected for the gallant Sixth before the rigors of winter are upon us.

Colonel Moore and company are ordered here from Snake river. This leaves but one company (I) commanded by Capt. Munson at that point with the remaining nine companies here. Lieut. Day will command Company D.

Lieut. Wetherell is Commissary officer and acting Ordnance officer.

A large party under Lieut. Stevens is out repairing the wagon road through the canon and, Lieut. Jacobs has another party gathering stone for the foundations of the new adobe quarters.

Capt. Baker, who relinquished a year's leave, while in the Department of Dakota, will probably go on leave this fall.

If a permanent post should be built in this vicinity, the present location of this camp will probably be selected as the site. It has many natural advantages. Wood is abundant and grazing facilities, though limited, are in close proximity. The water, mainly supplied by the White River, is excellent, the stream flowing past our very doors, and is highly prized for the superb sport it affords to disciples of old Yak.

About one mile and a half from camp, up river, there is an excellent coal mine, and at the new agency, some four miles below, the scene of the Meeker massacre is another. Naturally, visits to the agency, are in order, and the suggestive graves, from which the remains of the murdered agency people were removed this season, attracted much attention. The extensive wire fence still stands, all else in ruins. Occasionally a human bone is picked up and youthful enthusiasts preserve these as mementoes of a thrilling tragedy, enacted on this spot a few months ago, but which now is as quiet as any other valley of more peaceful associations. One searches in vain for a solitary blossom in verification of Josie Meeker's statement, that the Geranium bloomed the year round, and is only more fully impressed with the great producing qualities of this region for its staple article—Sage Brush.

In some portions of Dakota, more especially in the vicinity of Indian Agencies, a frequent remark was the numerous citizens to be seen without any apparent grip on the real or personal estate of the country, but who yet seemed to exist either in style or questionable prosperity. The traveler or visitor from the favored regions of the east, invariably wondered how these people lived and what was their occupation. Likewise here do some of us ponder. The country seems to have an immense floating population, many of whom, it is thought, the census of 1880 will not reach.

Sergeant Feltser, who was a famous hunter among the bluffs of far off Dakota, started out for game a few days since. He was accompanied by Watson, a civilian scout. Riding leisurely along in a narrow defile in single file, Feltser on a sudden turned a sharp corner was suddenly confronted by a ranger, well mounted, who pulled up his horse instantly and though nothing articulate escaped his lips, looked speaking volume said, "What the blank is this?" In a second of time the ranger had turned his steed and was away up a dangerous cliff where a misstep would have proved disastrous to both horse and rider. That man is wanted somewhere. During the night that followed, our hunters, convinced that other game than was the object of their quest, abandoned, kept vigilant watch and ward, and during the wee small hours two men were discovered advancing with stealthy footsteps towards their horses. Rifles were speedily brought to shoulder and the "prospectors" suddenly made aware that eyes were upon them, a hasty retreat was in order, the darkness rendering a good "aim" impossible. Our Dakota hunter says this exceeds all his experience, and has some very pronounced ideas about the population of the surrounding district.

Every one in Bismarck knows Chris. Gilson, the former well known proprietor of the Seventh Cavalry saloon, who, for several years has been scouting over the country almost anywhere, when hostile Indians were on the rampage. Chris, arrived here to-night. He comes from Gen. McKenzie's column. McKenzie's command yesterday was encamped on Buzzard's Fork about fifty miles south of this camp, and Gilson accompanied by an Uncornpahage Ute, were sent here to open communication between the two commands. Everything is quiet there and General McKenzie purposed starting across the range towards Junction to-day.

General Hazen being absent in Washington, Colonel Huston is in command of this district from White River to Rawlins, Wyoming.

Carey has just come in with a fine string of trout, only thirty-eight, the result of an hour's fishing. Send your devil around and THE TRIBUNE office shall breakfast on the delicious speckled beauties in the morning.

RAX.

RIVER RIFLES.

The Batchelor left for the Yellowstone with a full load.

The steamer Gen. Meade left for Fort Benton Monday.

The steamer Benton passed Fort Buford on her way down on the morning of the 13th.

The C. K. Peck, from Fort Benton, arrived at 3:30 p. m. She goes to Sioux City at daylight on the 14th.

The steamers Nellie Peck and Far West departed for the Coal Banks loaded with material for the Assinaboine post.

The Big Horn left Keogh for this city yesterday and will arrive on Sunday and load and return to Keogh Monday next.

The levee this week presented the utmost liveliness, six boats having arrived and four departed. The strike was the scene of considerable trouble.

The Josephine departed Wednesday afternoon with a full load for Fort Benton. She will be the last Coulson Line boat that will go through to Benton this season.

Every pound of freight for the government was cleaned up on the 10th of August this year by the Missouri and Yellowstone river contractors.

Steamer Rose Bud left Fort Benton yesterday for Bismarck with a full load of cattle, wool and hides. She will arrive here Sunday, and will return to Cow Island on Tuesday 17th.

The Key West on her recent trip down passed through a herd of buffalo crossing the river—or rather tried to and could not. Her way was completely blocked. River men say they never saw such vast herds and so many of them.

The Fair.

There is not a moment to lose, and a meeting for organizing the work is called for to-morrow, to be held at the Register's office at 2 p. m. Let all who feel an interest in having our county represented, attend. Let them come with a disposition to put in the time or money needed to make it a success. There never will be a finer opportunity to advertise our country. Wheat, like gold, talks when put where it will do the most good. Let's advertise our country by showing its products.

Whitney's Opera House.

Monday evening two new stars make their appearance, J. W. Davenport and H. A. Dickson. Den Howe also presents the great New York sensation entitled "Don't Tell my Wife, or a Devil of a Scrape." This comedy had a run of twelve consecutive months at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and will be presented here with all the original music, stage apparatus, etc. An excellent olio and the great act of Basely's Dog will also be presented. The excellent company, viz: Den and Ella Howe, Miss Gracie Thomas, Miss Trixie Vernon, J. W. Davenport, H. A. Dickson, Oscar Williams and W. H. Davenport, makes a strong force and they "force" a powerful show on the public which fills the house.

The Scandinavian Editor.

The Scandinavian editorial party arrived Wednesday night and visited Green River, on the North Pacific extension, yesterday. They were highly pleased with the country, and will do us good. The party consisted of the following persons: P. Sianas, vice consul Norway and Sweden, Chicago; H. Hande, editor Nordens, Chicago; E. Dreier, vice consul Denmark, Chicago; L. Gjeltenhaug, editor Janda og Nyt Hemlandet, Chicago; A. Elstog, representing Skaffaren, St. Paul; C. G. Lundberg, editor Svenska Tribunen, Chicago; M. Elstad, editor Svenska Amerikaren, Chicago; C. M. Albinson, editor Arbet och Fagnadshet, Chicago; N. Samson, publisher Verdens Gang, Chicago; J. B. Nordstrom, representing Skandinavien, Chicago; M. Thune, of the Den Nye Tid, Chicago; Prof. Frederiksen, of the Folkeblad, Chicago; M. Moe, representing Nordlands Bladet, New York; C. F. Thisted, representing Folkeets Aften, Chicago; M. Corfield, representing Nordstjernen, New York; P. Steensland, A. Louguen, N. Nelson, P. Steensland, Chicago; F. A. Husher, editor Fædrelandet og Emigranten, La Crosse, Wis.; E. Larsen, editor Minnesota Western Press, Winuar, Minn.; A. Siderstrom, business manager Minnesota State Tidning, Minneapolis; Dr. Bendtke, Minneapolis; Luth Jaeger, editor Budskendet, Minneapolis; John Thorsgard, Moorhead, and Mr. Cary, of the Red River Journal, and O. F. Johnson of the N. P. and Denver.

THE TRIBUNE accompanied the editorial excursion to Green River yesterday. Lack of space does not enable us to talk about it, but we found that city of tents located in a magnificent country, near the confluence of the Green and Heart rivers. The country is beautiful, and the soil is good. Several springs in the vicinity afford pure water. The party was entertained in a royal manner at the boarding car, and enjoyed a pleasant visit with Capt. Beach and Lieuts. Whitney and Macklin at the military camp. At the point where the track rested last winter, about ten acres of oats, self sown on the unbroken prairie, was noticed, that would give a handsome return, if harvested. The oats were tramped into the unbroken prairie by teams feeding and have grown as usual. The Baby Mine coal mine was visited. Here the party halted, and being armed with lighted candles, followed their guide about 800 feet under ground. The vein examined is seven feet in thickness. Fifteen feet above it there is a four foot vein, and two feet vein are found below the one that is now being worked. Coal is shipped as far east as Casselton and Mapleton, in the Red River Valley, and is generally used in the locomotives on the extension, and by families in Bismarck and Mandan. Green River is a red hot point. It has nineteen saloons, with stores, news depots, shops, etc. It has a number of people who are among the salt of the earth, and some who have given the place the name of hell in full blast instead of hell with the fires out, as the Bad Lands are called.

ON THE MISSOURI.

Notes Taken on the Way to Fort Benton.

From our special correspondent:

FORT BENTON, D. T., July 30th.—The Helena arrived this evening at 12 o'clock, three days out from Bismarck. She has had this far an exceptionally good trip.

Col. Lee and party are in good spirits, and Commodore Powers is using every effort to make the trip enjoyable. There are about 280 passengers on board, 230 of them mechanics bound for Fort Assinaboine, which point they will reach next Thursday. The weather has been fine with the exception of a cold storm yesterday. Fires were kindled and a genuine fall night experienced. Next morning the sun soon discouraged any thought winter may have had of visiting this section at this season of the year. The days on board ship have been spent in card playing, reading and all manner of amusement, except dancing, which has been confined wholly to the evening hours. Among the passengers a complete band has been found, and a pleasant time no party ever had on a steamboat. There are quite a large number of ladies on board, and among them, in addition to Col. Lee's party, Mrs. Power and Mrs. Major Kirk and daughter. The latter two remain at this post on a two weeks visit. Among the gentlemen passengers are two "bloods" from Europe, viz: Halifax, bound for Fort McCleod. They have cut quite a figure on board in the society circle owing to their rank. It must be owing to that, as a surfeit of unadulterated cheek has been kindly allotted to each by a generous providence. The Helena is certainly a fine passenger boat. Of the three Benton line boats she is probably the best, closely followed by the Benton and Butte, now up the river. Porto is one of the oldest captains on the river, and never loses an opportunity to post travellers on interesting points, and with the assistance of clerk McArthur, a most excellent gentleman, and a "right good crew," the guests of the Helena are always most cordially greeted and cared for.

There is not much to note regarding the scenery between Bismarck and this point, it is of the same general character as that surrounding Bismarck—broken next to the river, but a gently rolling prairie further back. At Fort Berthold Indian agency is a splendid slope, which has been cultivated by the Indians for several years. They have in this year about 600 acres, and their corn, potatoes, beans and garden produce is as fine as any along the river. Their tables will be groined with green corn next week, and new potatoes they dug on the 29th of June. There are about 14,000 Indians at this agency, divided among three tribes: Rees, Mandans, and Gros Ventres. Under the skillful management of agent Kauffman they are paying more attention to agricultural pursuits this year than ever before. Heretofore the government has loaned wagons to Indians for ten days at a time, but a new order makes a change. Kauffman a counsel was held and agent Kauffman revealed to the chiefs the new order, viz: every Indian who will put up two tons of hay gets a wagon of his own. "Crows Break" objected, claiming that the wagon should be given outright without any pay. He made a hostile speech but Kauffman was firm and caused him to be put out of the council. Tuesday the wagons were issued without trouble. The Rees hold their sun dance in August. At Bob Matthews' ranch, Little Muddy, an extensive stretch of farming country is seen, there being no bluffs to obstruct the view. Mr. Matthews, a native ranchman, has a very fine ranch, and is now harvesting his oats, which he is confident will yield fully seventy-five bushels to the acre.

J. E. WELL.

Governor Ordway.

Governor Ordway and family arrived from the Hills Friday evening, having made the trip from Deadwood to Bismarck in thirty-six hours. Saturday the governor and family, with a large party of Bismarck business men and several ladies, visited the Stark and President Hayes farms, near Bismarck, and looked over the country generally. McLean & Macender's string of self-binding reapers and the broad expanse of golden grain on both farms pleased him very much. He was surprised at the quality and promised people that he would have it sown to him. He was glad to see the wheat farms, and seemed pleased with the people and surroundings, and will see much to admire in the Red River country. He witnessed the Homestead people clean up, and weigh and brand them—three bars of gold the work of two weeks, worth 215,000. He believes the mines of the hills of untold value; believes investment in them as safe as investment in any mercantile pursuit. They only need a combination of mines with money and judicious management to develop them. With these success is assured. Governor Ordway is determined to visit every portion of Dakota and learn the wants of the people. Though he is a new comer, he does not intend to have it said with truth that he is not familiar with Dakota people and Dakota interests, and intends to prove a disposition to serve and protect the other on all occasions. The Governor makes friends wherever he goes and deserves them, too. Michigan gave us Wm. A. Howard, and as a result thousands of Michigan families who had their faith in Dakota confirmed by his words, have settled in our territory. New England has given us Ordway, and we know all Dakotians will have reason to feel proud of those which will surely follow the Governor and locate in our imperial territory.

MANDAN MOUNDS

FACTS AND FANCY, LEGENDS AND OBSERVATIONS.

Indian Villages, Mounds and Allied Tribes.—A Proud and Warlike People Decimated by Disease and Scattered by War.

Professor Wm. Denton, who recently visited Mandan, in a letter to the Duluth Tribune, says of Mandan:

"While at Mandan, D. T., I visited an interesting place on the bottom lands of Heart River, a little below the town, where there are 40 or 50 rather small mounds. Scattered over and around them are pieces of pottery, broken arrows and knives of chest, and a great many chest chips. Buffalo bones and mussel shells, many of recent deposit, and all of these in great profusion. A large granite mortar, or mortar for pounding corn, was a prominent object, and will doubtless be appropriated by some archaeological society before long. On the south side of Heart River, and at a distance of about a mile, I saw several fragments of pottery were very abundant. In my visit one of the mounds was opened and some skulls, a copper knife, and some very perfect ornaments for skirts, and where they are amply situated, and has in it for its size, a large number of intelligent and liberal people. It is my opinion, because at no distant time a large and beautiful city."

Indian tradition informs us that the first people of this country were the Arickarees, known as the Rees, who occupied the whole land; afterward the Mandans came into the country from the south and occupied the bluffs; and about this time came also the Gros Ventres, or the big-bellied people of the valleys. They lived harmoniously together, and were allies in all campaigns against the Sioux, who came from the laughing and smoky water region of Minnesota. They were powerful tribes, and for many years held their own against the Sioux. They occupied the heights at Fort Lincoln, where traces of their fortifications may still be found, and Son of the Stars, now at Fort Berthold, reports that his great grandfather was born on the site of Fort A. Lincoln. There was also an important village stretching northward from Fort A. Lincoln along the valley of the Missouri about two miles and up the Heart River a mile or more, taking in the present site of Mandan. At Fort A. Lincoln the sun dances were always celebrated and the trails leading from every direction to that point show it to have been for many years a natural center. Here was an abundance of timber. On the south were springs; on the north the lovely Heart, with splendid fishing in front, excellent grazing in the rear and a variety of game of every nature. Near Mandan some of the mounds referred to above, in accord with Indian tradition, to be the remains of Indian lodges that were built of poles and covered with earth. The poles decayed and the lodges tumbled in, burying the contents under two or three feet of earth. These mounds will be found broken pieces of pottery, implements of stone, and bones, and when the great chiefs died it was the custom of the people to build them elegant lodges and array them in gorgeous robes and leave them to waste away in the pure atmosphere of the country, as those of lower degree were arrayed in the most beautiful robes or skins and fastened in the neighboring tree tops. They lived happily and contentedly, possessing this whole land, and were so powerful that no tribe of men could resist all who came in contact with them until about one hundred years ago, when small pox reached their camp from traders who came up the Missouri. The Indians died like sheep, and disheartened, they were unable to withstand the attacks of their ancient enemies. They were finally forced to abandon their formerly happy homes on the west side of the river, and look refuge on the east, where they strongly fortified on the Mandan bluffs, just north of the Bismarck landing. Here they remained for some years, making frequent trips to the south, north and west, and the great west of Fort A. Lincoln and fighting with the Indians of Indian reservations and the agents of war and disease. They retired to their present agency to be robbed, grow and die, where those once proud and powerful people have dwindled down to about 1200 souls.

Some Business.

For the week ending August 7th, the Bismarck postoffice issued eighty-eight money orders, amounting to \$2,118.76. For the first ten days of August 1880, amounting to \$2,592.92 were issued. The constantly increasing revenues and business of the office shows a constantly growing city.

An Entertainment.

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Episcopal Church are as busy as bees in getting up an entertainment, to come off at Raymond's Hall, on Tuesday evening next, the 15th inst., in the interest of the church furnishing fund. Our people will be glad to have an opportunity to break the monotony that has reigned in social life here for a month past, and the ladies who have this matter at heart have now to give entire satisfaction to their patrons. The stage performance will be assisted chiefly by tableaux under the direction of a skillful manager. Ice cream, etc., will be served. Ticket at the door 25 cents, children under twelve 15 cents.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Shang Stanton is in St. Paul.

E. T. Dorae and family have gone east. Edmond Hackett is now at Ft. Pierre. Hon. E. A. Williams has returned from Montana.

J. W. Smith, of Romeo, Mich., is visiting this locality.

Prof. R. J. Maguire has been spending some days in the city.

The family of Capt. Frank Woodfolk is visiting at Bismarck.

J. K. Wetherby has returned from the east in improved health.

Doctor Bigelow has gone to Northfield, Minn., to visit his sister.

J. R. Henry and C. B. Strass, of Deadwood, passed east yesterday.

A general court-martial convened at Fort Yates on the 12th inst.

Capt. Thomas McDougall was in from the Bad Lands on Tuesday.

Geo. H. Purnum, a Black Hills bonanza prince, passed east yesterday.

Nick Feller, of LaCrosse, Wis., brother of Mike Feller, of this city, is dead.

There is another F. J. Mead in the country. This one locates at Bismarck.

Denny Hanniffa will be the next tramp to turn up. He will be home in a few days.

C. J. Weir has skipped from James town about \$500 short. Wine and women.

H. H. Emmerson, of Gloucester, Mass., has been looking over Bismarck wheat fields.

J. A. Kemmis, an old time Bismarcker, from Fort Keogh, is registered at the Merchants.

Governor Ordway is announced for an address at the Barnes County agricultural fair.

J. S. Winston and wife left for the east on Monday but has returned to Stevenson.

Lieuts. L. R. Hare and J. F. Bell were among the arrivals at the Sheridan House this week.

Joe Hare has gone to Brainerd to spend a month or two with the boys and old time friends.

Geo. B. Keene sold his usual amount of stationery, etc., to Bismarck merchants' early this week.

E. Boley, of Mandan, was contemplating big Mandan's future at the Sheridan House this week.

John E. Hanna, of St. Louis, was married on the 25th ult. at Vermilion, to Miss Alice A. Hill of Iowa.

J. C. Chance smiled on the new lay out of articles for the perfectly lovely portion of our people, to be found at the several stores in Bismarck, yesterday.

Major Bates has been ordered by Gen. Terry to change his headquarters from Fort Buford to Fort Keogh.

Z. T. Davis, of Sioux City, who has been looking after contracts in this region, left this morning for home.

Mrs. Merryweather, and daughter, Mrs. J. G. Miller, have gone to Michigan, Mrs. Miller on a visit to her old home.

The newsdealer from Green River placed his P. L. Hancock on the hotel register at the Merchants last evening.

A. C. Leighton and family and A. R. Nixinger were registered at the Sheridan yesterday; also C. B. Corp of Fort Custer.

J. W. Davenport, H. M. Dickerson, Lola Clark and Pearl Hammond, of the Broadway company, are at the Merchants. Geo. Kendall of the same company, passed on east.

W. B. Wheeler, of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, looked over Bismarck for passenger traffic the first of the week, and left his usual amount of advertising matter.

Sig Hannauer leaves for the east in a few days to purchase his fall stock of goods. He intends adding many new novelties and making his stock in every respect large and well selected.

Dan Eisenberg and wife left for New York Thursday. Dan to buy goods and Mrs. E. to visit her old home at Jamestown. Dan will also visit his old home in Pennsylvania before returning.

Col. Robert Wilson is happy because he is a stranger at the coldest point in the United States, Pembina, where the largest wheat and oat crops are raised. Robert Wilson Jr. is the trader at Fort Pembina.

S. Ramsey and A. L. Harris, of Readsburg, Wisconsin, returned from the Bad Lands yesterday and left for the east this morning. They brought a section of the petrified forest, where petrified birds used to sing the petrified songs in the petrified remains of the Indians of long ago.

S. Ramsey and Mr. Harris, of Readsburg, Wisconsin, the one a banker and the other a merchant, were in Bismarck last week looking over North Pacific lands with a view to investment. They accompanied the Gov. on a party on their visit to the wheat fields. A. J. Smith, W. F. Sanders of Montana.

Nellie Brightman, for sometime a correspondent of the New Era and other eastern papers, has accepted an editorial position at the Fort Benton Record, and left for that point by steamer this week. Miss Nellie is a sprightly writer, and the Tribune believes will prove a valuable piece of calico, as ladies on the frontier are called, for the Record.

Dr. Knechtly, register of the new U. S. land office at Miles City, was in the city on Thursday, en route for his new post of duty. The doctor has been for ten years connected with the general land office at Washington, D. C., and comes well recommended. He is a very excellent gentleman and will be popular. Major McElraith has not qualified as receiver.

Among the arrivals this week at our leading hotels were the following: Col. C. E. Leake, O. C. Town, John N. Wells, H. C. Faddock, and wife, J. C. Dow, C. B. Blair, E. K. Rogers, W. E. Michael, H. L. Smith, and L. H. Hillard, of Chicago, P. R. Deane and a party of ladies from St. Paul; Dr. Hawley, wife and son of Brainerd and E. G. Bailey, of Woodstock, Vermont.

MY CASTLE BY THE SEA.

BY ROBERT F. DOW.

[In a reverie I thought that I was rich. The vision of wealth seemed a great castle by the sea, adorned with the most beautiful drapery, the choicest statuary, landscape paintings, model architecture, a magnificent library and all that was beautiful and grand.]

I built me a castle
By the deep-heaving sea,
And the foam of its waters
Was thrown over me!
Oh! Fairyland summers
Were bright in a dream,
While I slept in my castle—
The castle marine.

Oh! castle marine,
Thy beauties I see
Of tapestried halls,
All open to me!
Oh! sculpture and art;
Oh! painting and rare,
Was ever such seen
In delicate care?

The castle marine
In a dream came to me,
On a great golden coast,
Of a beautiful sea,
Where my ship came in,
All laden with gold—
The wealth of the Indies,
And the world all untold!

My castle was built
By a loud-sounding sea,
Where the foam of its waters
Was thrown over me!
Ah! I played with its spray
As they fell through the door
Of my castle marine,
That stood on the shore.

Of dream-plays I tire,
And I sleep on and dream
Of the wealth of my castle,
The castle marine.
There were crownings in its chambers
Of great jasper walls,
With their white marble floors,
And their great golden balls.

Which hung in suspension
From great ivory hooks,
No heathenish idols,
But idle my beads
Were there in profusion,
And lavishly bound,
With pictures of rarity—
More rare than is found.

And this is my castle,
The castle for me,
With its great open door,
Looking out on the sea;
Where my ship rides on
Like a bird in the air,
Over castle and coral
And anemone fair!

Many would that it were
Not a fast-flooding dream,
But a "castle-ween" castle—
Not a castle-ween;
But here is the beauty,
For a dream of sweet hope
Is fostered in reason's
Beneficent scope!

Let us build up castles—
Bright thoughts in our brain,
That will live as still on
Through heartaches and pain!
Let the mermaid sing
Of her home in the sea,
While each person can say
There's a castle for me!

FOUR OLD MAIDS.

I love an old maid—I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquary, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is something about them that is not of the earth earthy. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers, not rambles; perhaps guardians, we say nothing of tattlers. They are, evidently, predestined to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities, as ninety and nine out of 100 of my married acquaintance. Why, then, are they single? It is their fate!

On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool there is a village which, for particular reasons, I shall call Littleton, and will not so far gratify the curiosity of idle inquirers as to say whether it is nearer to London or to Liverpool; but it is a very pretty village, and let the reader keep a sharp lookout for it the next time he travels that road. It is situated in a valley, through which runs a tiny rivulet as bright as silver, but hardly wide enough for a trout to turn round in. Over the little stream there is a bridge, which seems to have been built merely out of compliment to the liquid thread, to save it the mortification of being hopped over by every urchin and clop-pole in the parish. The church is covered with ivy, even halfway up the steeple, but the sexton has removed the green intrusion from the face of the clock, which, with its white surface and black figures, looks at a distance like an owl in an ivy bush. A little to the left of the church is the parsonage house, almost smothered with honeysuckles; in front of the house is a grass plot, and up to the door there is what is called a carriage drive; but I never saw a carriage drive up there, for it is so steep that it would require six horses to pull the carriage up, and there is not room enough for more than one. Somewhat farther up the hill, which bounds the little valley where the village stands, there is a cottage; the inhabitants of Littleton call it the white cottage. It is merely a small, whitewashed house, but as it is occupied by a genteel sort of people, who cannot afford a large house, it is generally called a cottage.

All these beautiful and picturesque objects, and a great many more which I have not described, have lost with me their interest. It would make me melancholy to go into that church. The interest which I had in the parsonage house was transferred to the white cottage, and the interest which I had in the white cottage is now removed to the church-yard, and the interest is in four graves that lie parallel to each other, with headstones of nearly one date. In these four graves lie the remains of four old maids. Poor things! their remains! Alack, alack, there was not much that remained of them!

There was but little left of them to bury. The bearers had but little work. I wondered why they should have four separate graves, and four distinct tombstones. The sexton told me that it was their particular desire, in order to make the church-yard look respectable; and they left behind them just sufficient money to pay the undertaker's bills and to erect four grave-stones. I saw these ladies twice, and that at an interval of thirty years. I made one more attempt to see them.

I was more grieved than I could have anticipated when the neighbors showed me their newly-closed graves. But no one long pities the dead, and I was, after a while, glad that they had not been long separated. I saw these ladies twice, I said; and the first time that I saw them the only doubt was which of the four would be first married. I should have fallen in love with one of them myself—I do not know which—but I understood that they were all four more or less engaged. They were all pretty, they were all sensible, they were all good-humored, and they knew the world, for they had all read Rollin's "Ancient History." They not only had admirers, but two of them even then had serious suitors. The whole village of Littleton and many villages in the neighborhood rang with the praise of the accomplished and agreeable daughters of the rector; nor were the young ladies dependent for their hopes of husbands merely on their good qualities; they had the reputation of wealth, which reputation, I am constrained to say, was rather a bubble. The rectory of Littleton was said to be worth £1,000 a year—but it never produced more than £600. And the worthy rector was said to be worth £10,000 or £12,000. Bless him! he ought to be worth that and a great deal more, but he never possessed so much; the utmost of his private fortune was £1,600 in the 3 per cents.

It is enough to designate the ladies by their Christian names. Their good father used to boast that his daughters had really Christian names. The eldest was Mary, the second Martha, the third Anna and the youngest Elizabeth. The eldest was, when I first knew them, actually engaged to a young gentleman who had just taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and had gained a prize for a Greek epigram. Such an effort of genius seemed next to miraculous at Littleton, for the people of the village never gain prizes for Greek epigrams. The farmers who had heard of his success used to stare at him for a prodigy, and almost wondered that he should walk on two legs, and eat mutton, and say "How do you do?" like the rest of the world. And everybody said he was such a nice man. He never skipped irreverently over the river, as some young men of his age would do, but always went over the bridge. It was edifying to see how gracefully he handed the young ladies over the said bridge, Mary always the last, though she was the eldest. The young Squire of the parish was generally considered as the suitor of the second. The third had many admirers; she was what is called a showy young woman, having a little of the theatrical in her style. She was eloquent, lively, and attitudinizing. She had a most beautiful voice, and her good papa used to say: "My dear Anna, the sound of your voice is very delightful, and it does me good to hear you sing to your own harpsichord, but I wish I could hear you sing at church."

Poor man; he did not consider that there was no possibility of hearing any other voice while that of the parish clerk was ringing in his ears. Elizabeth, the youngest, was decidedly the prettiest of the four; sentimentality was her forte, or, more properly speaking, her foible. She sighed much herself, and was the cause of sighing to others. I little thought when I first saw them that I beheld a nest of predestined old maids; but it was so, and the next time that I saw them they were all living together, spinsters. How I was occupied the next thirty years would be tedious to relate, therefore I pass over that period and come again to Littleton.

Time is like a mischievous urchin that plays sad tricks in our absence, and so disarranges things and persons, too, that when we come back again we hardly know where to find them. When I made my second visit to Littleton, the good old rector had been several years in his grave; and, when I asked after his daughters, I was told that they were living, and were together, and that they occupied the white cottage. I was rather pleased to hear that they were single, though I was surprised at the information. I knew that I should be well received; that I should not find all their old affections alienated by new ties. I knew that I should not have to encounter the haughty and interrogatory eyes of husbands; that I should not be under the necessity of accommodating myself to new manners. I had, indeed, some difficulty in making myself known, and still more difficulty in distinguishing the ladies, the one from the other, and connecting their present with their past appearance; for Anna's attitudinizing days were over, and Elizabeth had ceased to sigh. But, when the recognition had taken place, we were exceedingly glad to see each other, and we all talked together about everybody and everything at once.

My call at the white cottage was at the latter end of August. The weather was fine, but there had recently been much rain, and there were some very heavy clouds, and some little growling of the wind, like the aspect and tone of an angry schoolmaster, who had just given a boy a sound thrashing, and looks as if he were half inclined to give him some more. The cottage was very small, very neat, very light. There was one parlor, and that was a very pretty one. A small carpet covered the middle of the room; a worked fire screen stood in one corner; a piece of needlework, representing Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, hung opposite the door; shells, sea weed and old china stood on the mantel-piece; an old harpsichord in a black mahogany case stretched its leviathan length along one side of the room; six exceedingly heavy and clumsily-carved mahogany chairs, with high backs, short legs and broad, square, flat seats, any one of which might have accommodated all four sisters at once, according to their mode of sitting, stood around the room; these chairs I recollect, had been in the dining-room at the rectory,

but then there was a great lubberly cub of a footman to lug them about. The fire-place was particularly neat. It had an old brass fender, polished up to the semblance of gold, delineating in its pattern divers birds and beasts, the like of which never entered Noah's ark, but they had a right to go in by seven, for they were as clean as a penny. The poker looked like a toothpick, the shovel like an old-fashioned salt spoon, and the tongs like a pair of tweezers. The little black stove shone with an icy coldness, as if the maid had been scrubbing it all the morning to keep herself warm; and the cut paper was arranged over the vacant bars with a cruel exactitude that gave no hopes of fire. The ladies themselves looked as old as the fire-place; and I could hardly help thinking that a stove without a fire, at the cold end of August, looked something like an old maid. The ladies, however, were very chatty; they all spoke together—or nearly so; for when one began the others went on, one after another, in the way and after the manner of a catch, or, more accurately speaking, perhaps somewhat in the similitude of a fugue. They talked very loud and sat very upright, which last circumstance I should have thought very conducive to health, but they were not healthy; the fact is, they lived too sparingly, for their father had left much less than had been expected, and they were obliged to keep up appearances, as they still visited the first families in the neighborhood. By living together they had very much assimilated in manners; they all had the same sharp, shrill voice, and the same short, snappy, not snappish, manner of speaking.

When I called on them I had not dined, but I supposed they had, for they asked me to stay and drink tea with them; though I should have preferred dinner to tea, yet for the sake of such old acquaintance I was content to let that pass. They pressed me very much to take a glass of wine, and I yielded—but afterward repented it. Single elderly ladies are very much imposed on in the article of wine; ill-luck to those who cheat them! Then we had tea. I knew the old cups and saucers again, and the little silver cream-jug, and the sugar-tongs, made like a pair of scissors; I was glad to see the tea-urn, for it helped to warm the room. The tea made us quite communicative; not that it was strong enough to intoxicate; quite the contrary, it was rather weak. I should also have been glad of some more bread and butter, but they handed me the last piece, and I could not think of taking it, so it went into the kitchen for the maid, and I did not grudge it her, for she seemed, by the way, to be not much better than her mistresses. She was a neat, respectable young woman.

After a while we talked again about old times, and I gave several broad hints and intimations that I should like to hear their respective histories; in other words, I wished to know how it was that they had all remained single; for the history of an old maid is the narrative of her escapes from matrimony. My intimation was well received, and my unplied request was complied with.

Mary, as the eldest, commenced: "I believe you remember my friend, Mr. M—?"

"I do so, and is he living?"
"He is, and still single."
I smiled and said, "Indeed!" The lady smiled not.

"Yes," continued the narrator, "he is still living and still single. I have occasionally seen him, but very seldom of late years. You remember, I dare say, what a cheerful companion he was, and how very polite. He was quite of the old school, but that was only as regarded his external manners. In his opinion he partook too much of the new school. He was one of the Liberal party at Cambridge; and, though he was generally a very serious and good man, he perplexed his head with some strange notions, and, when the time came that he should take orders, he declined doing so, on account of some objections he had to some of the Thirty-nine Articles. Some people have gone so far as to say that he was no better than a Socinian, though I do not believe he was ever so bad as that. Still, however, I would never do for the daughter of a clergyman to marry a man who had any doubt concerning any of the Thirty-nine Articles. We did all in our power to convince him that he was wrong, and he did all in his power to convince us that he was right; but it was all to no purpose. Indeed, he seemed to consider himself a kind of martyr, only because we talked to him. He argued most ingeniously that exact conformity of opinion was not essential to happiness. But I could not think it correct to marry a man who had any doubts concerning the articles; for, as my father very justly observed, when a man once begins to doubt it is impossible to say where it will end. And so the matter went on from year to year, and so it remains still, and so it is likely to the end of the chapter. I will never give up the Thirty-nine Articles."

All the sisters said that she was perfectly right; and then Martha told her story, saying: "It was just about the time that you were visiting Littleton that Mr. B—, who had long paid me very particular attention, made me an offer. Mr. B— was not a man of first-rate talents, though he did not want for understanding; he was also tolerably good-humored, though occasionally subject to fits of violence. His father, however, most strenuously objected to the match, and from being on friendly terms with us he suddenly dropped our acquaintance, and almost persecuted us. My father was a man of high spirit, and could not patiently brook the insult he received, and I have every reason to believe that thereby his days were shortened. In proportion, however, as the elder Mr. B— opposed our union, the affection of the younger seemed to increase, and he absolutely proposed a marriage in Scotland, but my father would never allow a daughter of his to be married otherwise than by the rites of the Church of England. At length old Mr. B— died, and then it was thought that we should be married; but it was necessary to wait a decent time after the old gentleman's death, in which interval the young Squire, whose attentions had diminished of late, went to London, where he married a widow with a fortune. They are now living separately."

"You were faithful to your first loves," I observed.

"But I," said Anna, "have a different story to tell. I had four offers before I was 19 years of age; and I thought that I was exercising great judgment and discrimination in endeavoring to decide which was most worthy of my choice; so I walked and talked and sang and played and criticised with all in their turn; and, before I could make up my mind which to choose, I lost them all, and gained the character of a flirt. It seems very unfortunate that we are placed under the necessity of making that decision which must influence our whole destiny for life at that very period when we least know what life is."

"It is expedient," said I, "to entertain several lovers at once."
"I found it expedient," said Elizabeth, "to entertain several lovers in succession. My first lover won my heart by flute-playing. He was a Lieutenant in the navy, visiting in the neighborhood. My father disapproved the connection, but I said that I would not live without him, and so a consent was extorted; but, alas! my flute-player's ship was ordered to the West Indies, and I heard of him no more. My next lover, who succeeded to the first rather too soon in the opinion of some people, was a medical man, and for a marriage with him a reluctant consent was obtained from my father; but before matters could be arranged it was found that his business did not answer, and he departed. Another succeeded to the business, and also to my affections, and a third reluctant consent was extorted, but, when the young gentleman found that the report of my father's wealth had been much exaggerated, he departed also; and in time I grew accustomed to these disappointments, and bore them better than I expected. I might, perhaps, have had a husband, if I could have lived without a lover."

So ended their sad stories; and after tea we walked into garden. It was a small garden, with four sides and a circular center, so small that, as we walked round we were like the names in a round-robin, it was difficult to say which was first. I looked hands with them at parting gently, for fear of hurting them, for their fingers were long, cold and fleshless. The next time I traveled that way they were all in their graves, and not much colder than when I saw them at the cottage.

Arctic Ice.

The unlucky prisoner in the immense field of ice during the imposing, unbroken loneliness of the long Arctic night, when the wind is calm, can hear the crackle of the snow under the stealthy tread of the polar bear at an astonishing distance, and hear what a man, speaking loud, says at 1,000 metres distance. It can, therefore, be well understood how the sound of ice-pressures must travel to his ear from enormous distances. "Sometimes," the author writes, "the noise of the ice movements was scarcely to be heard—a mere murmur—and came to our ears as does the play of the waves on a steep coast from the far distance. Sometimes it hummed and roared closer to us, as if a whole column of heavily-laden wagons were being drawn over the uneven ice surface." In the sound was combined all manner of noises caused by cracking, grinding, falling of blocks, crushing and many other phenomena of ice life. "It is astonishing how far and how clearly every noise is conducted in the ice. The noise at the very margin of the field on which we were seemed to occur immediately at our feet. If we placed our ears to the ice, the sound was heard so loudly that we might have expected the ice too open under our feet the next moment. The whole dry ice-covering was a vast sounding-board. Whenever, as I lay down to sleep, I placed my ear against the dry, wooden ship's side, I heard a humming and buzzing which was nothing else but the sum of all the noises which occurred in the ice at a great distance from the ship."

The surface of an expanse of young salt-water ice on which no snow has yet fallen is soft, so that the footstep is impressed upon its white covering as in melting snow. This is to be observed even at a temperature of 40 deg. C. The unfrozen fluid is not water, but a concentrated solution of salt thrown out by the freezing of the ice beneath.

When summer begins the thawing that occurs is very local and unequal. Any dark body, such as a heap of ashes, or the dropping of bears, eats its way into the snow, absorbing the rays of heat which are reflected off again by the general white surface. The bear-droppings catch their way into the snow, and then into the ice, and the conical hole thus formed fills itself with water. It may at last eat its way right through the ice where not very thick. Thus are formed the greater part of those holes in drift-ice which are usually ascribed to seals. The author never saw a seal's hole in winter.

Asking for Money.

Few wives enjoy asking their husbands for money, particularly if niggardliness is displayed. Intrusted with a regular income, her position is much more independent and dignified. If she has a genius for managing, she will take pride and pleasure in making 100 cents go a great way—much farther than a man could make 150 go. She will also make calculations about the expenditures of the weekly sums; will lay by a certain amount toward buying such and such supplies in quantities; will learn that there is no economy in buying soap by the bar, starch or sugar by the pound. She will systematize her affairs, keep her books—a day-book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her will sweeten her life, give new zest to her occupations and make her a happy and more-contented wife. This question of domestic money supplies opens a wide field for thought for the average husband.

A little effort is necessary to teach a calf to take its first grain dry, but it will soon learn it. Beginning with a small quantity and gradually increasing it, after a week or two, or when the calf is four to six weeks old, give it all it will eat of these light foods, feeding it immediately after it has taken its milk. A good increase on one good calf well protected is better than half a one on two calves poorly cared for.

Do It Now.

This is the rule of duty always. No one can know the consequences of neglecting a little thing which it is right to do, and which ought to be done; for these human lives of ours are all bound together by fortune and circumstance, and a "trifle" may work ruin to many. A contemporary gives one or two warning examples:

A letter-carrier in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found, on reaching the postoffice, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked.

The carrier was very tired and hungry. It was a long distance he would have to walk to return and deliver it. The letter was an unimportant, ordinary-looking missive. He thrust it in his pocket, and delivered it on his first round the next day.

What consequences followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their notes had gone to protest; a mill closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessities of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous misery caused by this single neglect.

Another case: A mechanic, who had been out of work a long time in New York, went, last September, to collect a small sum of money due to him. The gentleman who owed it being annoyed at some trifling refusal.

The wretched man went back to his miserable home, and, maddened by the sight of his hungry family, went out to the back-yard and hanged himself.

The next morning an old employer sent to offer him permanent employment. Here was a life lost and a family left penniless because a bill of only a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle." When we think how inextricably the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effect is entirely beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well all the duties of life—even the most trivial.

Knew His Business.

A conductor on one of the Chicago street-cars suddenly experienced religion and joined a small flock in the neighborhood of his residence. None more devout than he was to be found in the country round, and every spare moment from his business was put into something energetic toward strengthening up the little church into which he had projected himself. Nothing his interest, his pastor to encourage him, showed him along all he could, and in a short time the new convert was a shining light among his fellow-worshippers, and the Christian grace with which he passed the contribution-plate evoked nickels from what before had been barren pockets.

One Sunday morning a hoodlum was noisy, and the conductor quietly ordered him out. He went, but last Sunday evening he appeared with a mob of dissolute companions, bent on a difficulty. The conductor kept an eye on the leader until the disturbance became unbearable.

"Put on breaks a moment, parson," said he, "till I look after this fare."

Approaching the thing, he went for him, and wiped up several yards of aisle with him, and then stood him no his legs.

"Five cents for the kingdom of God!" he demanded.

The hoodlum said he did not have to pay. "Five cents for this ride on the gospel chariot," and he smashed the thing in the countenance.

"But, brother," remonstrated the pastor, "you cannot compel him to contribute."
"Never you mind that, parson. You preach and I'll collect. This man can't head-dead on this orthodox through line without putting up. Beside, I'm responsible to the company for his fare. I've punched him and he's got to show coin."

Brushing Away Gossip.

Rev. Rowland Hill was a zealous though eccentric clergyman. He had a large fund of humor, and frequently drew upon it, in order to "point a moral or adorn a tale." On one occasion, while visiting a friend in the country, the conversation degenerated into idle gossip, and the characters of several friends and acquaintances were severely reviewed.

Mr. Hill was much annoyed, but he remained silent until there was a lull in the talking. Then he rose and rang the bell. The servant appeared.

"Have you a hearth-brush and dustpan handy?" said Mr. Hill.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, wondering, as did the family and guests, what the eccentric clergyman could be thinking of.

"I wish you would let me have them for a few minutes," said Mr. Hill.

When they were brought to him he began brushing the carpet. "A prodigious quantity of dust and dirt has been scattered this evening," he remarked, as he brushed away, "and I think it had better be removed."

The hint thus picturesquely conveyed was taken. During the remainder of the evening the conversation was more becoming to Christian ladies and gentlemen.

Wanted to Be Joseph.

While a quiet family were seated around the hearth-stone, the various professions which are open for a man of ability came up for discussion, a large majority of the children expressing a decided preference for a snug, secure, where work was unimportant and the salary excessive. One of the children said: "Well, I would like to sit on the roof all my days, and have nothing to do, just like Joseph in Egypt." Very naturally the attention of the family was excited by the remark, and the boy was asked to explain himself. He at once quoted the passage, "And Pharaoh put Joseph over his house." "There," he said, "that's what I should like—to sit on the roof, and have a large salary."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Rhyme for the Children.

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the cows were one cow,
What a great cow that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took the great sea
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash-plash that would be!

Lost Johnnie.

"Where is Johnnie?" said his sister Minnie, jumping up and dropping Hetty's doll to the floor. "Johnnie! Johnnie!" she called, each time louder, and hurrying out of the door, all the little Bruces following, looking in the wood-house, the little smoke-house, out to the low, thatched barn, peering this side and that, and all calling, "Johnnie! Johnnie!"

No answer. "Where can he be? He was here, you know, just a few minutes ago, playing with the pumpkin seeds," said Minnie to the distressed group.

As they huddled together they looked away up the dark, silent hills, or almost mountains, for their home was in West Virginia, in a small cabin far away from neighbors.

Father had gone a long distance to mill. Mother had gone to visit a sick friend far over the hills—gone on horseback, as there was but a single path. Minnie was left to watch the children and not let them wander to the woods, for sometimes wild animals were prowling about and it was not safe.

"Don't let Hetty and Johnnie get hurt," the mother said, kissing the twin darlings.

"Never fear, mother," Minnie replied, confidently, and indeed she meant to be faithful.

Now Johnnie could not be found. The echoes seemed to mock their calls. After a minute's consultation they began their search again. Perhaps he was asleep somewhere. Pretty soon Hetty called out:

"Oh, I've found 'im! Here ee bese in ee sp'ing! I's hee lookin' wright at me." Minnie sprang, terrified, lest Hetty, who was leaning over the water, should fall in, and Johnnie already drowned, she thought. Trembling she caught Hetty and looked down.

"I don't see anything," she cried.

"He may be in the bottom now," suggested Harry; "they sink, you know three times."

Minnie shuddered and looked again with Hetty in her arms. As the child caught sight of her own little face again she screamed:

"Det 'im out. Det 'im out, twit." "Oh! Hetty," said Minnie, relieved; "it was your own little face you saw, but who could have left the cover up?" "I did," said Mrs. Bruce, riding up maddened. "I left it up when I watered Major, and it made me hasten home for fear—but what is the matter?" She saw trouble in the children's faces.

The sad news was soon told.

Mrs. Bruce did not reproach Minnie; the poor child was distressed enough. "I don't see," she sobbed, "how Johnnie could have gone away without our knowing it. We played visit, and hide-and-seek, then Johnnie and Hetty wanted the pumpkin seeds to play with, and—"

"Pumpkin seeds! Well, I noticed some on the hill as I came down, and wondered how they got there; he must have tried to follow me. Here comes Mr. Aiken."

They satisfied themselves that Johnnie was not in the spring, and then Mr. Aiken went to alarm their friends.

Now for a moment that mother and her children knelt upon the green grass and asked God to save Johnnie. The petition ran from lip to lip, even to Hetty's:

"Pese God, sav' my 'till buser."

Mrs. Bruce got upon Major and rode up the hill again. How eagerly she watched for the shells of the pumpkin seeds dropped by Johnnie after eating the meat. She tracked him a long distance in this way, and then she found a little pile of seeds by a briar bush, and a little piece of his blue cotton dress hung upon one of the thorns. Then all trace of him disappeared. There was no print of his little bare feet on the fallen leaves. Darkness was coming down in the lone forest, and Mrs. Bruce, sorrowing and disappointed, turned homeward.

Mr. Bruce and others were out hunting the missing one. The little Bruces had not thought of supper; how could they eat with Johnnie lost in the dark, dangerous woods?

Hours sped on. Still no tidings. The friends struggled on, now hoping, then fearing, shuddering at the distant cry of the owl or night-bird, dreading the roar of wild beasts.

Toward morning, overcome with grief and fatigue, Mr. Bruce, with two other men, sat down upon a log to think what was best to do.

A patter was heard upon the leaves behind; they turned suddenly, expecting an enemy. Could it be—there stood Johnnie!

Mr. Bruce caught him in his arms. The little fellow dropped his head on his papa's shoulder, murmuring:

"Donnie's so sleepy; Donnie's so tired; wants to go to mamma."

He had evidently been asleep, and was chilled and exhausted.

Now the guns were fired again and again until the hills echoed and re-echoed with the glad signal.

What glad and thankful hearts there were in that lowly home that morning!

As Mrs. Bruce hugged Johnnie to her heart she whispered:

"Donnie love mamma sixty bus'els. Donnie go 'tousand miles to find mamma. I'se so sleepy."

And Hetty clapped her hands, shouting:

"Dod did, Dod did hear our p'ayer." "What! 25 cents a pound for sausages. Why I can get 'em down at Schmidt's for 20 cents." "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" "Cause Schmidt is out of 'em." "Vell, den, vr I was owit of 'em I sell 'em for 20 cents, too."

"How long has she been dead?" inquired a bereaved husband as he stepped into the room. "About five minutes," answered a tearful bystander. "Well, it's all right. I never got a chance to see any of my folks draw their last breath. A hundred of my friends were to die, 'twould be just my luck to miss it every time." Grief will assert itself.

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

Standing where the bleak winds whistle
Round her small and fragile form;
Arms within torn garments nestle,
Standing there at night and morn;
Barefoot passing by unheeding,
O'er the little barefoot,
There, with bare feet cold and bleeding,
She in tones of anguish cried:
"Miser! Please give me a penny,
For I've not got any—
Please, sir, give me just one penny
I want to buy some bread for me."

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty,
And for them to be unknown,
We'll not forget our little "Barefoot,"
They are heathens nearer home.

II.

Hailing thus each passing stranger
As they hurried by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her,
Pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her,
Heeding not the plaintive cry:
"I must have some bread for mother
Or with hunger she will die,
Miser! Please give me a penny,
For I've not got any—
Please, sir, give me just one penny—
I want to buy some bread for me!"

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty, etc.

III.

There, one chilly day in winter,
Barefoot sat on the pavement,
Unheeding were her little fingers,
But no pennies did she crave.
There, while a beggar begged for mother,
Death had clutched the little heart,
Yet each day we see so e'er
Playing little to e'er
"Miser! Please give me a penny,
For I've not got any—
Please, sir, give me just one penny—
I want to buy some bread for me!"

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty, etc.

CONVICTS ON THE SEA.

We were about 800 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and our ship's head pointed nearly due east. "Twelve knots an hour," says I to the skipper, in reply to "How much is she making?" The dripping log line was rolled up and the time-glass placed away in the binacle. An extra pull was taken on the braces, the yards pressed hard against the stays, and right well did the old Marathon lie over from the heavy breeze that swelled our canvas to its greatest tension. I have the log again.

"How much now?" says the skipper.

"Twelve and a half, sir."

"I guess that is about all we can get out of her, with this wind; that extra pull gave her the other half knot."

In ten days after passing Kerguelen's Land, the high and irregular coast of Australia was raised from the masthead by our first mate, Mr. Bolter, who shouted the glad tidings to those on deck. No sooner had the sound of his voice died away than a baker's dozen were running up the ratlines, eager to obtain even a distant view of the great island.

A number of us old salts, who had sailed for Australia before, contented ourselves by snuffing the air like so many porpoises.

After we had passed between Tasmania and the South Sea continent, we caught a light breeze on our quarter and headed for Sydney. No sooner had we dropped our right bower in the river just off the town than our vessel was boarded by the surgeon of the port, who examined our papers, and, being satisfied that we were in good health, our ship was allowed to haul up nearer the city. The old man went ashore to make his report to the Consul, but when he returned his face wore a troubled look. He called Mr. Bolter and myself into the cabin, where, to our surprise and chagrin, he stated that the Consul informed him that, when the cargo was discharged, he should have to press the ship into service for the Government to carry a lot of convicts to Van Dieman's Land. The vessel that brought them was disabled, and could proceed no further.

The skipper remonstrated against the seizure, but it was of no avail. The Consul said he was sorry, but it could not be avoided—our vessel being the only one in port that would answer the purpose, and the convicts must be got off without delay. This news found its way among the crew, and several of them ran away and took to the bush, not caring to risk themselves at sea with a lot of desperate men fresh from the prisons of England. The skipper quieted the fears of the rest by telling them that no danger could possibly arise, as the convicts would be heavily ironed and placed between decks with a guard over them.

On the following morning, between decks were prepared for the reception of our live freight. A strong double bulkhead was put up just forward of the cabin, and one just aft of the chain-lockers, and extra bars and padlocks were procured for the hatches.

When I surveyed the work of the Government carpenters my mind felt somewhat easier.

Everything being in readiness, our guests were marched down between files of soldiers. Each convict was handcuffed, and on the right ankle of every man an iron ring was fastened, to which were attached heavy chains. Six of them being fastened together, their movements were quite slow and retarded. As they filed up the gang plank to the deck, I counted eighty-seven. Some were large, powerful men; others were weak and wore a sickly expression, but they all had a look of dogged determination, their closely-cropped hair and striped trousers and jackets making them look all the more savage. When number eighty-seven reached the deck, they were drawn up in line and inspected by the superintendent and his assistants. Each convict was thoroughly searched in order to see if he had any weapons.

Nothing was found, however, but what was proper for them to have. So the inspector informed us that there would be no danger, and we would soon be rid of them. The guard that was to accompany us had been selected with great care, each one having a musket, two revolvers and a cutlass. Several extra casks of water were got on board for fear we would not have enough to last during the run. As no signs of our runaway were to be had, the skipper was obliged to ship several men in order to fill his complement. One of these fellows was a villainous-looking customer, and I asked the Captain why he shipped such a man.

He replied that it was the best he could do. Sailors were scarce, as nearly every one was off in the mines, or stock raising. I told Capt. Billows that I did not relish having such a man on board the Marathon, but he laughed at my

fears and said the man had been discharged from a Liverpool ship some two months before, and, as he wished to return home, he thought he would ship on the Marathon.

The Consul verified the man's statement, which satisfied the skipper, so he had shipped him on the strength of this. I said nothing more to the old man, but determined to keep a weather eye on that man's movements. We were to put out to sea that night, if the wind were favorable. The eighty-seven men were placed between decks to remain there until morning, when they would be taken out for an airing. The guard consisted of twenty-four men, half the number standing watch while the others turned in below.

It was 11 o'clock before the wind was in our favor, and nearly 8 bells when we weighed anchor. I tell you I did not sleep much in my watch below; the shouts and curses of the convicts made a perfect Bedlam and would have aroused the seven sleepers. In vain the guard threatened them, but they only answered derisively and dared the soldiers to shoot.

Mr. Bolter came to my berth when his watch was out, and said he expected to find me awake, for no one could sleep with those wretches howling. So I lighted my pipe and went on deck, preferring to remain above than on a level with the banished Englishmen. Before daybreak they were quiet enough, and no particular one could be sifted out for creating the disturbance, so the whole eighty-seven went scot free.

About 7 o'clock they were led up on deck for an airing, and to pass inspection. After remaining three hours they were sent below again. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock a gale sprang up, which required all hands to reef topsails. The yards were soon manned, and I went aloft myself, as is generally the custom when all hands are called.

While I was passing the weather-rigging and taking the last turn, I heard Shading (one of the foremost hands, who was knotting a reef-point next to me) ask:

"Where is Barker? I don't see him on the yard."

I looked over the line of men, and sure enough he was not there. I tell you I wasn't long in getting on deck and stating my suspicions to the Captain. We at once rushed forward, followed by several of the guard, and just as we reached the fore-castle who should make his appearance but Barker.

The old man yelled at him: "What are you doing down there? Speak up; what are you skirking below for when all hands were called for duty?"

"I was sick," growled the scoundrel, "and could not go aloft."

"You are lying, you villain, and you know it," said the skipper. "I'll bound you up to some deviltry. Mr. Steeraway, just keep your eye on him till I come back."

"Ay, ay, sir," I responded.

By this time all hands had come down from aloft.

The Captain soon returned and stated that he could find nothing out of the way, but I was convinced in my own mind that something was out of the way. So the old man gave me leave to go below and satisfy myself. I could find nothing, but at the same time was far from being satisfied. I asked why was Barker, of all others, down below? We told the crew of our suspicions, and ordered them to keep a lookout on Barker's movements.

As the night came on, the guard was relieved and cautioned by the sergeant to be on the alert. It seemed kind of queer to me that the convicts remained so quiet, for beyond a low conversation their voices were scarcely audible, but I thought afterward that probably they intended to get a good night's rest, and preferred to keep still.

I lay awake some time after turning in; but my eyes finally grew heavy, and I was in the land of dreams—away off in Boston. My mother came up to my room (I was still in my dreams) to tuck in the bed-clothes. I felt her gentle touch on the blankets; but why did she place her hand over my mouth? I opened my eyes to see the reason.

The glittering blade of a sheath knife was held before me. I knew the reason then pretty quick, I assure you, for Barker held it.

"Now, Steeraway," says he, "you just keep quiet, and you won't be hurt. Open your mouth and you won't know what hurt you."

I knew that any movement on my part would be my death warrant.

"Will you keep quiet if I take my hand from your mouth?"

I nodded my head in the affirmative, and his hand was removed. "Now, Steeraway," says he, "I am going to tie you and put a little stopper in your mouth. I won't hurt you, for I know how to do these things."

He evidently did, for I was very soon bound hand and foot, a gag placed in my mouth, and your humble servant was rendered as useless as a dead man. The convict then left me and disappeared. I had not been alone more than ten minutes, when I heard a voice near the berth head say, "All right."

In a moment more, a light draught of air entered my stateroom, and it smelt strongly of pent-up air—a sort of convict odor, so to speak.

The bulkhead had been removed and the cabin was soon crowded with prisoners. Not a sound did they make, for their irons were off, and the thought flashed quickly upon me our ship is in their hands, may the Lord have mercy on our crew.

Silently they went up the cabin stairs; then I heard a quick rushing sound, shouts, yells, curses, then a few shots in quick succession; several spashes near my cabin daylight; more shouts and yells.

"Down with them! Now or never!"

No Van Dieman's for us! Down with them!"

In vain I heard several voices pleading for mercy. But those men knew no mercy. Finally the shouts and yells ceased, then the quick, hurried tramp of feet overhead. Presently a step descended the stairs, the rope binding me was cut, the gag torn from my mouth, and a gruff voice said:

"Come, Steeraway, you are wanted on deck. Lively, now."

I came to the conclusion that it was useless to deliberate, and I obeyed the order at once. It was not necessary for me to ask what the matter was. I knew that well enough, at a glance.

Barker—that scoundrel Barker—was an escaped convict, and had shipped on board the Marathon for the purpose of aiding his friends, and, from the appearance of things, he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations. As I emerged from the cabin, I was greeted with: "Here he is," by several of the striped-jacket gentry. "Now, Steeraway, we want you to mind and do just as we tell you—or what Joe Gosshawk, the Captain, tells you—and you won't be hurt; but if you don't, why overboard you go. We know you can navigate; now which is it, shark's dinner or obey orders?"

Of course I didn't want to ease the appetite of the jet-finned wolves that were swimming around the ship. So I told them I would do all they wished; but I wanted to know what had become of the Captain and crew.

"You'd better swim after them and ask 'em what's done with 'em; all except that cursed first mate, Bolter, and we can't get no track of him, blintz him," said Gosshawk, the recognized leader.

I uttered a silent prayer that Bolter might be safe, stowed away somewhere out of their clutches.

"Well Steeraway," says Gosshawk, "where are we?"

"About eighty miles from Van Dieman's Land."

"Now, then," says he, "you just fix this ship so she will be more nor in twelve hours from now. Make her run north until I ask you again where we are."

"And mind you don't play any points, or you'll find the bottom of Davy Jones pretty quick."

I asked him then who would work the vessel.

"Why, you just give the orders and these men will work her; and mind you give them right."

"Then brace around the yards," replied I, "so I can get her on the other tack."

"All right," said Gosshawk; "tell us the ropes." I explained to them, and pointed out the braces.

In ten minutes we were around and sailing almost due north.

When day broke my heart almost sank within me. The deck presented a sickening sight. Pools of clotted blood here and there, torn clothing, the remnant of some desperate struggle, and the striped convict jackets and red coats of the English soldiers, were scattered over the deck.

I requested that the decks be cleared up and washed down, so that no vestige might greet my eyes of that terrible encounter that had taken place the night before. At noon Gosshawk asked me where we were. I had just taken the sun, and found we were in 32 deg. south latitude and 173 deg. longitude east, all of which I correctly informed the convict skipper.

"Ain't the Fijis about here somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes, they are in 20 deg. latitude and 180 deg. longitude."

"Well, take us there, Steeraway, and you are free to go in the long boat just as soon as we sight land. I'll take care of the Marathon myself, then."

As we still had about 720 miles to the north and about 420 miles of longitude, I computed the sailing distance, and found there were about 1,140 miles to cover, which, deducting the difference from our actual course, would leave about 990 miles before we raised the Fijis. I reported the same to Gosshawk, who grunted anything but satisfaction. "No nearer than that? Well, keep for the Fijis, anyhow."

So I kept her for the Fijis, and on the fourth day "Land, ho!" was shouted by one of the convicts who was stationed aloft. Gosshawk's eyes brightened up, and he turned to me, saying, "Well, done, Steeraway."

If I had only had my own way, I would have put them on a coral reef, but life is precious, you know, even to a sailor. As the Marathon neared the land, which proved to be one of the group, to the southward, Gosshawk gave some orders in a low tone to several of the men. I knew what they were immediately, for the convicts began to cast off the lashings from the long boat.

"So Gosshawk intends to keep his promise," I thought to myself, and I was to be cast adrift in the long-boat.

When within fifteen miles of land, the breeze died away and the old Marathon lay almost motionless. Gosshawk swore, and stamped the deck, but to no purpose. Kind Providence paid no attention to him. About dusk the wind made its appearance, and I got ready to stand in. "Steeraway," said Gosshawk, "I guess you will have to make a voyage in the dark; but it can't be helped."

The boat was lowered; two kegs of water, a bag of hard-tack, and three or four junks of salt horse were tossed in, and I was told to follow suit. As I was cast adrift, the villains shouted after me: "Good-by, Steeraway, you have done us a good turn and we won't forget it!"

I made no reply, but sat in the stern of the boat gazing after the receding vessel. After looking at her for a few minutes I was overcome and bowed my head in my hands and wept. Just then a splash in the water near the boat aroused me. "A shark!" thought I. Again I heard it, and then a low voice as if from the deep: "Steeraway!"

I sprang from my thwart as if struck by a galvanic shock. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness. Presently I saw a dark form swimming toward the boat. Again the voice came over the water: "Steeraway!" Ben here knows I am not superstitious, but I confess I did feel a little awe-stricken. Before I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, a hand was laid on the gunwale, and the form of a man arose from the sea.

"It's Bolter, Joe; don't be frightened—I'm no ghost!"

That short sentence broke the spell which clung to me.

"Oh, Bolter!" cried I, in a transport of joy.

"For Heaven's sake, help me in the boat, Joe! I am mighty weak. Now where's the water? That outside the boat will do to swim in, but I can't drink it."

Soon I had the water-keg to his lips, and he took a long draught.

"There! I never wanted water so bad but once before in my life; and this is what I call hard luck, Joe."

I agreed with him on that score and asked him to tell me how he escaped from the convicts.

"Why, you see, Joe, I got an inkling of what was coming, but before I could get out of the cabin the rescuers were down upon us. So I slipped into the secret locker under the transom, and they looked into every place but that. Luckily, the locker contained some canned meats and fruits, so there was no danger of my starving. I overheard that fellow's conversation—the one they called Gosshawk—and I knew, Steeraway, that you were safe. I also heard him tell his cut-throat comrades what he intended doing with you, when I heard your boat lowered. I peeped from my hiding-place, saw the cabin was clear, as they were all on deck to see you off. Soon as I heard the boat cast adrift I crawled through the stern window, hung by the frame for a minute or two, then dropped into the sea, swam after your boat, and here I am."

Bolter suddenly started up and cried out, "Look, Joe, if they have not set the ship on fire!"

And so they had. Before they landed they had no doubt left two or three of their number to lash the wheel and apply the torch. The flames threw a lurid light over the ocean, and soon the whole outline in fire of the doomed Marathon could be seen. Heavy tongues of flame ran up the tarred rigging, and rolls of fire, like a cloud, would now and then burst forth, as the sails one after another were consumed. It was a magnificent sight, but a sorrowful one for us. We watched her until scarcely a spark could be seen; when, suddenly, like a flash, the faint light disappeared and all that once remained of the Marathon went to the bottom.

On the following morning we sighted an American whaler, which fortunately came near enough to see our signal of distress, and we were relieved from our uncomfortable position. Bolter and myself told the whaling skipper our story, when he at once made sail for Sydney, where the facts were laid before the English Consul, who took steps to capture the short-haired villains. This was successfully accomplished.

Swearing Punished by Law.

Judge Pershing, of Solway Hill county, has just decided a case in his court which presents some almost-forgotten features of the law of this State against swearing.

John H. Bashore, an excitable and somewhat profane citizen of the county, on a recent occasion got off a volley of twenty-three separate and distinct oaths, for which he was arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace, and, under the law of April 22, 1794, fined \$16.08. This fine he refused to pay. He was committed to jail, and the case was taken before Judge Pershing on a writ of certiorari. The act of 1794 provides that:

"If any person of the age of 16 years or upward shall profanely curse or swear by the name of God, Christ Jesus, or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending, being thereof convicted, shall forfeit and pay the sum of 67 cents for every such profane curse or oath. * * * And whosoever of the age of 16 years or upward shall curse or swear by any other name or thing than as aforesaid, and shall be convicted thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of 40 cents for such curse or oath."

Exception was taken to the ruling of the Justice on the ground that the arrest of Bashore should have been by summons and not by warrant, and suit should have been brought by an individual informer instead of in the name of the Commonwealth. These exceptions were overruled, the decisions of the higher courts being that the action was properly brought. But the Justice fled to return the evidence taken before him, and this omission Judge Pershing decided to be fatal to the proceedings, and he thereupon reversed the decision of the magistrate. The point of the decision, however, is in the pitiful conclusion with which Judge Pershing wound up his decision. It says:

"The general prevalence of profane swearing indicates that the statute under which this defendant was convicted had long been buried out of sight. Perhaps its resurrection in this case may accomplish some good, by showing those who have no regard for the law of God that the law of the land imposes on them a penalty of from 40 to 67 cents, to be followed by imprisonment, accompanied with a diet of bread and water, on refusal to pay for each and every time they pollute the atmosphere with their profanity."—Pittsburgh Post.

Jewish Tolerance.

The other day a Jewish minister—not in New York city—was sharply reprimanded by his congregation for his persistent attacks on Christianity. We applaud heartily his action; not only because Christianity is the religion of the large majority of citizens of our country, but because there are other and weightier subjects to engage a Jewish minister's attention. Constant assaults by the Jewish press and pulpit on the beliefs and traditions of Christianity show poor taste and lack, and may lead to results which friends of religious liberty would deeply regret. There is such a quality as "journalistic loudness," which may react unfavorably as "social loudness" on the community. When Judaism is assailed, let us resist the accusation and then cease. At least, let not the Jew, in the pulpit or press, show a spirit of bigotry and intolerance toward his neighbor of another creed, which sprang from our own and may return to it again. Of all men, the Jew should be the most tolerant, for he has suffered the worst from the intolerance of others.—Jewish Messenger.

The Farmer as a Citizen.

I think the influence of agriculturists ought to be increased in public affairs. I would not like to see a Legislature composed exclusively of farmers and mechanics, nor would it be for the public good that there should be no representatives of these in that body. There should be in every Legislature men skilled in the laws of the State; there ought also to be there an influential body of men connected with the leading industries of the State, familiar with the wants and wishes of the great mass of the people. If they should draft no laws, if they should inaugurate no new and untried policies, still there would be that in the very atmosphere in which such a body of men move which will influence beneficially the action of the Legislature.—Judge George Starkville, Miss.

The Bell Fairies.

It was a dreamy, windy day in mid-July. A day when all the flowers and grasses drooped motionless in the still air, and one could almost hear the rattling of birds' wings, so intense was the silence. The sound of ringing church bells swept over the wide prairie, and, mellowed by distance, fell soft and clear upon the ears of Lulu Gray, as she sat in the doorway of the old farm house, and leaned her curly head against the dingy, brown wall. A little brown dog was curled on the step close beside her, and downy, yellow chickens pecked up crumbs about her feet; but Lulu gave no heed to either dog or chickens, for she was listening to the bells instead. "Ding-dong, ding-dong," they were saying, in their slow, solemn fashion. But after a time—would you believe it?—they ceased to say "Ding-dong," and began to talk in sober earnest; and this is what they said: "Your papa can't come home—can't, won't, can't—come home—come home." "Why, yes he can, you stupid bells," Lulu answered, laughing, "for my mamma got a letter from him just a few days ago, and he said he was coming home soon. It is soon now, and my papa never told a lie." "Never told a lie—a lie—a lie," answered the bells. They said this over and over again, till Lulu grew so tired listening that she put her fingers in her ears to stop out the sound. Just as the bells were saying "never" for the last time, a little woman, dressed all in gold-colored satin, with a mantilla of cobweb lace, came from behind the lilac bushes and stood looking at Lulu. Lulu was frightened for a moment, and then, being a very polite little girl, she made a nice bow, and said, "Good morning, pretty lady." "Good morning," answered the fairy, for it was a fairy, and then she waved the lotus-wing she carried for a fan so fast that it made Lulu dizzy to watch it. "Miss Lulu," continued the elf, "yesternoch the fairies heard you wishing you could see one of them, and visit fairyland. Now the wishes of good children, if made at noon on a midsummer day, are always granted by us, so the beautiful Blossom, Queen of the Bell Fairies, has sent me to bring you to our home among the hills. We were talking to you this morning, through the bells, and you understood what we said. We are the only family among all the elves who can talk to mortals like yourself, through the bells. But you shall know all about us, if you will come with us to fairy land. Do you still wish to visit our Queen in her palace?"

Lulu hesitated a moment, and then, getting off from the steps, went slowly toward the fairy. The tiny fan began to wave again, and presently they came from behind the same lilac bush a beautiful coach, made of a white shell, and drawn by six snow-white rabbits. "This is our Queen's coach," said the fairy; "please get in." Lulu wondered how one so large as herself could ride in so small a conveyance, but the fairy opened the little door and stepped in, and Lulu followed, and they were on their way to fairy land in much less time than it takes me to tell of it. During the ride the fairy was silent, and Lulu examined the coach. Over the delicate pink of the inside were hung curtains of colored lace, and the cushions were made of this-lace-down. Even the rabbits had fly-nets of lace, and two white feathers at their ears served as plumes.

After what seemed like a very short drive to Lulu, they came to a little village where the houses were all made of moss, and a tall, straight fern gremlin front of each door. Before the largest house, which stood in the center of the town, and was surrounded by a fence made of tiny shells, the rabbits stopped of their own accord, and a fairy footman opened the willow gate for them to pass through. Another fairy assisted them to alight from the coach, and they entered the palace. From a little hall the fairy guide went into a room all furnished in purple and gold, and Lulu followed. The walls were of purple and golden autumn leaves, and a carpet of dandelions and yellow cowslips. There were no windows, but sleepy fireflies hung to the ceiling, and flooded the room with a mellow, golden light, not unlike the yellow carpet. There were sofas and chairs with cushions of velvet, purple pansies, and dainty pictures of fairyland, which Lulu did not understand. After a time the fairy said: "I will show you over the palace first, and after that I will take you to see our beautiful Queen, and then you shall visit the factories, wherever they are." So Lulu followed her little guide from room to room, each one of which seemed to her delighted gaze more beautiful than the last. One was all scarlet and gold, and one a delicate blue and silver. At last they came to the Queen's apartments, which were the handsomest of all. The parlor was pure white and dark green, with a carpet of calla lilies, which looked as if the dew was still on them. The sleeping apartment was furnished with white rose-leaves, and the whitest and finest of cobweb lace. There was the tiniest bed, covered with a tube-rose spread, and a little bureau scarcely large enough to hold a doll's wardrobe, while a single drop of water, through which a sunbeam shone, served for a skylight, and filled the rooms with all the colors of the rainbow. It was all so beautiful that Lulu looked back as the guide led her out, and, seeing herself in a tiny mirror that hung opposite the door, found she had been transformed into a fairy; you may judge of her surprise as well as alarm. She thought of her mother and father, whom she might never see again, and the tears came into her eyes, and fell down her cheeks on to the beautiful carpet. Faster and faster fell the tears, and the fairy ran off in a fright, and Lulu rubbed her eyes, and there was her dog, and the chickens picking up crumbs just the same as they were when the church bells stopped ringing. Wondered, was it not? Lulu thought that it was, but her mamma was certain that Lulu had fallen asleep and dreamed it all. But Lulu thinks of the Bell Fairies whenever she hears the bells ringing, and is very sorry she did not see the beautiful Queen Blossom in her dream.

N. A. M.

GRINNELL, IOWA.

"Are animals color-blind?" asks a writer in a scientific magazine. Now there is a man who has never wandered through a cow pasture with a red-ranget shirt on. Come to think of it, we have never wandered through that kind of a pasture either.

Czar Nicholas and His Doctor.

On the 23d of March, 1904, when it was known that the Czar, Nicholas, had died, a wild excitement, more so than any day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the most widely suspected because he was a German. Busy columnarists speedily got the news abroad in all circles that the guilt of the Emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Fendelsdorf, were in the greatest terror, when their fears were removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg stating that the present Czar, Alexander, had taken up the defense of the unfortunate man, having called him into his presence, Mandt of him before the court for the care of his father, and presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The doctor, it appears, has left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his imperial patient. Almost his only friends at court beside the Czar himself were the German and the Grand Duchess Ekaterina. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand Duke Michael. When the Czar was taken ill Mandt's manner foes whispered about that he could poison his master. The Grand Duchess Ekaterina warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room. "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself by shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming, 'traitor!' An excited conversation passed between them, and the Prince ended by saying, 'On the day upon which the precious health of the Czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread.'"

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the Czar said: "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sire," replied the doctor. "Then do not forget," observed the Emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 23d of March, Mandt had to tell the Czar the fatal news that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the Empress, his children and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name with a firm, clear voice. To the Empress he said: "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."—London Globe.

Americans in England.

In an article upon the American visitors who are now flocking to Europe, the London Times says: "American tourists speak of coming, not to Great Britain, but to Europe. Some even persuade themselves that Paris is their actual goal. Large numbers of them spend less time in these islands than on the European continent. They are to be found more profusely in every European capital than in London. It is to be feared Americans commonly find English family circles not very accessible. Every Englishman has learned to value the friendship of the few whom accident or introductions have made known to him. But for the majority of transatlantic visitors, English domestic life is as scaled a book as French or Italian. They arrive with a kind of belief that they are returning home; they go back with so much information on English nature and habits as can be obtained by perambulating the streets and comparing the fare and charges of thirty or forty hotels in different parts of the kingdom. A foreigner among people speaking a different language, and all whose institutions indicate a different origin, does not expect to feel at home. Americans in England do not feel themselves foreigners, and must be painfully surprised to discover how entirely they are strangers. The contrast can scarcely fail to be the ruler for the conviction of most Americans that in their own country they would extend a much warmer hospitality to British visitors. The truth is that British visitors to the United States at present gain by their rarity, and American visitors to Great Britain lose by their abundance. Englishmen in the United States are still few enough to occupy the position of guests of the nation. Americans disembark at Liverpool in numbers much too great for individuals to be noticed, unless they adopt means to render themselves individually considered. In proportion as the inestimable advantages begin to be understood of being able to observe the operation of British qualities and institutions in new circumstances, English visitors to the United States must prepare to dispense with the extraordinary attentions which at present minister to their sense of personal importance. We should rejoice if, on the other hand, Englishmen would take more pains to facilitate for Americans who desire it the means of making acquaintance with English life as it really is. The more direct the intercourse between English and American homes the brighter will be the prospect of permanent international good-will. Every autumn tourist in New York and Pennsylvania and New England comes back with a cordial admiration of the country he has traversed, and still more of its people. Roughness and crudities which offend on the surface disappear on nearer approach. The

LOCAL LEAVES.

From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. Asa Fisher drives the fastest delivery wagon in the city.

Corn grown on Dr. Porter's claim by Mr. J. F. Wallace, is now fully ripe.

The Scandinavian editors all attended the Opera House and laughed until their sides were sore.

Mr. Tully, the tailor, is now located at 26 Main street, where he will continue to turn out fine suits.

The second story of the jail is almost completed. The contractors are advertising for more bricklayers.

Joshua Rogers enjoys a flourishing trade at his up town sample room. He keeps none but choice goods.

The Key West, Western and Black Hills of the Culebra Line, are freighting from Yankton to Fort Pierre.

L. N. Griffin will look for other worlds to conquer, like Joe Hare. He goes to Pierre to gather in the shekels.

A new postoffice has been established at 17th Siding called Clarke's Farm, and John I. Steen appointed postmaster.

Another one of those baby engines came in this week, destined for the Hills. They draw the gold from the mountains.

Mades & Westhouser are doing an immense trade since their enlargement. Their profitable is continually engaged.

Some morning glories near The Tribune office, growing near a wild cucumber vine, have taken leaf like the cucumber.

Griffin & Roberts are repainting and sand papering with gilt sabb, elegant border of oriental design, the Capitol Billiard Hall.

John Whalen has put in a fine stock of crockery and glassware, which he is selling at St. Paul prices and throws in the freight.

Mr. W. H. Thurston & Co. has shipped sixteen car-loads of Montana cattle to Chicago. Mr. Walter Bangs had charge of the train.

"Four Thorns" and "Ball-in-the-water" left the camp on the hill opposite the landing this week, bound for Stevenson to be quilted as quilts.

Mr. L. N. Griffin put in a new safe in the Capitol saloon this week that he expects will hold his receipts for the coming year. It is a beauty.

The arrest of boys found on the streets in gangs after nine o'clock has been ordered by the city authorities, and that nuisance has been abated.

Day & Plants are doing a most elegant business in the jewelry line. Mr. Plants has disposed of seventeen sewing machines during the past week.

Children will be ripe on Monday. The boys are already becoming familiar with them. Even Bell will know a chicken from a mud turtle after Monday.

The Western and Custer hotels are crowded now a days. Both give accommodations entirely satisfactory to the great mass of the traveling public.

W. M. Sergeant, of Minneapolis, and wife, arrived last evening with E. H. By, and will spend Sunday in the city. Mr. Sergeant is open for proposals for investment.

It is said the Bismarck Methodist church will be the finest of any on the line of the Northern Pacific. Thirteen have already been built by this organization, and one in Mandan is contracted for.

Some action should be taken by the city authorities to prevent throwing broken bottles and glasses in the streets. Several horses have been cut and severely injured by them.

The Sun says Robt. Mathews has raised about 4000 bushels of grain this year near Fort Buford. The wheat will be shipped to Bismarck to be ground into flour and returned to supply local demands.

Twenty acres of wheat on the Lovell Mill farm was burned this afternoon. Several acres were burned on the Steele farm, also, a few days ago. In both instances the fire caught from the engines.

John Yegen has twenty-five acres in crop, fifteen of it in wheat which promises a splendid yield. John will furnish his customers bread from his own wheat this fall, with fruit from Michigan and the choicest groceries.

Corn grown in two and one half months on Mr. Harrison's farm near Bismarck was shown to Sam Bowles and Wm. Lloyd Harrison, Jr., on their recent visit to Bismarck. The grain was full grown and the ear perfect and too ripe for roasting.

The roosters on the Batchelor, receiving \$55 per month, struck for \$60 on the eve of his departure on Tuesday, and got it, too. Pretty high priced help, but farmers are paying \$2.50 to \$3 per day for harvest help, and the steamboat men had to make concessions, as they could not go without meat.

Mr. Justis Bragg has handled over 7,000 head of stock in the past sixteen years, and lost but one, and that critter had the trick to lay down and die. In all this length of years he has owned from one to five head of horses and never lost a horse. He is not only a successful business man, but one of the luckiest in the business.

Rev. J. O. Sloan, the pioneer preacher of Bismarck, founder of the Presbyterian church, and for nearly six years the beloved pastor, is making his old friends a visit and will preach in his old pulpit next Sunday. Let all his old friends welcome him as heartily at church as they have upon the street and in their homes.

Frank Bolles, or the undersigned, in the absence of Mr. Jewell, are alone authorized to receipt bills on account of The Tribune. C. A. LOUGHEBERRY, Publisher Tribune.

Stack Recovered. The stock stampered from Fogarty's camp in the Bad Lands was all recovered. White Indians probably turned them loose but were followed too closely to realize on their venture.

At Guelph, Ontario, July 23, 1880, of heart disease, John Harvey, M. D. Dr. Harvey was for many years stationed at Fort Stevenson, where he had many devoted and loving friends who suffer an irreparable loss.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncollected for Aug. 13, 1880:

Address 11 Armstrong Chas O T Armstrong O T Benson Anthony Benson Curtis 2 Brown Chas C Barlett Rev F M Brant Lena Coulidge apt C A Colman Geo 2 Coffey Jackson Christie L Cook Nels Damstrom Mary 2 Engelstrom Armand Enigh John Franklin A Fisher Lena Graven H A Gambold Ida Gault J Glass John Gruer John R Grant Norman Giovannella Pietry Garness Ole J Howe A E Hoffman Andrew Horn Henry O Harris Rowell Harney Nellie Hopkins Ned Hopley Wm Haugkorf Ole N Johnson Chas S Jordan Wm Kamphaus Barney Killers P J Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "advertised". C. A. LOUGHEBERRY, P. M.	Lang Phillip D 3 McFarland Miss Anna Merriman Chas Merriman Hugh McVicar Hugh Malvin Mat McCarthy S V Nelson Nick Nevin T H Opel Stud J O Palmer Emma Rosenhead B Rafter H P Robner John Reynolds James Robinson S D Reed Wm D Slater D H Scott E C Shaw Hugh M Sherlock James Smedboken Oskar Saunders Thos Shook T R Stone Mrs Sadie Steeby Patrick Starr W W Sude Zanlars Thompson Capt Ben Tad Mrs Enato Thompson Levi Wright Ada Wormell C W Williams Joseph F Wetzel John Wiese James A Winson Iver Johnson White Morton
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WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT

Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 13, 1880.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.02	29.99	30.01
Thermometer.	100	51	74.7
Humidity (Rel.)	64	14	70.59
Wind's hourly velocity.	32	0	
Wind's prevalent direction.	NE		
Wind's total movement.	1877 miles		
Rainfall.	00		

C. CRAMER,
Serg't Sig. Corps, U. S. A.

DEATH.

BELL—George R., infant son of W. R. and Verona Bell, aged four months of cholera infantum, at Bismarck, Dak., Aug. 11, 1880.

A CONUNDRUM.

Why do people stop in crowded Hotels and wait half an hour before they are served, when they can get the best meals served in Bismarck at a moment's notice, at FORSTER'S.

STACKERS WANTED

On Section 3.
APPLY ON THE FARM, OR TO
C. M. CUSHMAN.

Ladies and Gents, I will sell my entire stock at greatly reduced prices until my new stock arrives.
W. B. WATSON.

If you wish to select from the largest stock of Ladies' and Misses Shoes go to
WATSON'S.

A large line of colored and white Flannels sold at old prices at Watson's.

Ladies!!—Now is the time to buy an elegant silk pattern in any shade at Watson's.

An elegant line of Satin Damask Towels to be seen at Watson's.

Attention is called to my large line of Carpets which I will sell at very low rates for the next thirty days. Do not fail to call and examine at
W. B. WATSON.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

WANTED—A fine line of wine and liquors, good and cheap, for sale at a low price. Apply to B. A. McGraw's, Bismarck, D. T.

FOR SALE—A 25 horse power engine and boiler, good as new, will break in new four months.
W. W. LECHESTER,
N. P. Junction, Minn.

FOR SALE—E. H. Fly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.
J. H. LECHESTER,
N. P. Junction, Minn.

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Sibley, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek line.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast. Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.
J. A. Jones just received at Marshall's, 75 Main Street.

A V. T. just regulated at Day & Plants, 125 1/2 Main street.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. A weekly outfit free. Address Thos & Co. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address Stevenson & Co. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. R. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own home. Terms and outfit free. Address A. H. BART & Co. Portland, Maine.

RENN'S Kid shoe lace and buttoned boots, the newest yet at Marshall's.

DRY WOOD.—Strawmats and will find good pieces of dry wood at Oak Point 1/2 miles above Bismarck. C. H. MARY.

Money to Loan.
M. J. J. CASH.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. The PLANNERY & WEATHERLY.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STANTLEY, 411 1/2 45 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

DRY GOODS.

DOCTOR TANNER

Is still in the Ring.

SO IS

DAN. EISENBERG,

Who has gone to New York to purchase his fall and winter stock of Dry Goods and Notions.

I will offer great bargains for the next thirty days in Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Gents' Furnishing Goods, and in fact everything pertaining to my line, in order to make room for my large stock which is about to arrive.

I would also call the attention of my customers to the fact that my store is headquarters in woollens and flannels. Having had the facilities for purchasing these goods before the advance on them, it enables me to sell them cheaper than any other house in the city.

My large stock of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery will also bear inspection, and I will sell them at greatly reduced prices.

My shoe department is complete in every respect, and I would ask all those in need of shoes to first inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place, next door to Postoffice, Brick Block.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

DAN. EISENBERG.

TONIC

REED'S TONIC
GILT EDGE
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, impurity of the liver, indigestion and diarrhea, loss of the animal force, and debility. It has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confused with the fraudulent compound of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

E. SCHIFFLER, FINE Merchant Tailor
No. 86 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.
A Selection of Both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

COULSON LINE

1880 1880
Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.
OLD RELIABLE
DAKOTA. MONTANA.
Coulson Line
Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA, DAKOTA, WYOMING, ROSE BUD, WESTERN, FAR WEST, KEY WEST, BLACK HILLS, BIG HORN.

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to day and away to-morrow, but a fixture we are here to stay.

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph.

W. S. EVANS, Pres., Pittsburgh, Pa.
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager, Yankton, D. T.
J. C. HEVAY, Gen. Frt Agent, Yankton.

D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt., Bismarck, D. T.

For Fort Keogh, Tuesday, Aug. 17

At 7 o'clock P. M.,
Steamer BIG HORN.

JEWELERS

Day & Plants,
Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of SEWING MACHINES.

WOOD-WORKERS.
BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,
Variety Wood Workers.

Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, &c. Repairing Furniture a specialty. Dunkley's shop, opposite R. R. warehouse, Front St.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.

BENTON LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor, C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

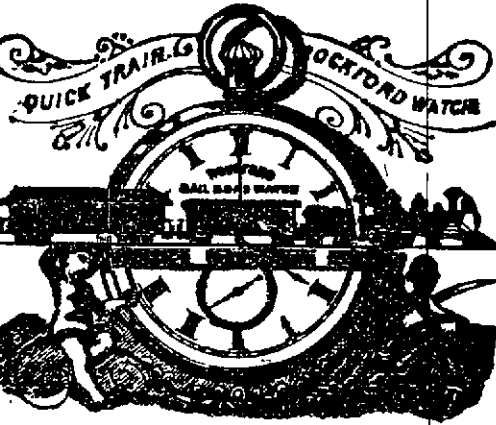
One of the Peck Line steamers leave Sioux City tri weekly for Fort Pierre, landing for day's stores, or short load and all points on the Missouri River. One of the Benton Line steamers leave Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every 4 days for Ft. Benton, head waters of Missouri, connecting with T. C. Power & Bro's (P. I.) overland route to Texas and the coast and the Peck Line Stage Line for Helena, Butte, Roseman, Fort H. and all interior points in Montana and Yellowstone Park. A boat leaves Bismarck every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on Yellowstone River.

Steamer BENTON,

Leaves SUNDAY, Aug. 15.

For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Ast., Sheridan House, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

JEWELERS



E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.

Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses.

Special attention given to all work in our line.

Agents for the justly celebrated ROCKFORD WATCHES.

SHIRTS.

TAKE NOTICE.

Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.

Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I guarantee a perfect fit to all persons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure. Shirts made out on short notice for from \$1.75 up. Third St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.

MRS. JANE COOPER

TONSorial ARTISTS

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

H. KARBERG,

Dealer in—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Standing Rock Agency, D. T.

Also U. S. Indian Agent.

BUTTER.

1,000 Lbs. GILT EDGE

Farm Packed Butter

Price 25 Cts. per Pound.

In about TWENTY POUND PACKS. AGES. Warranted FIRST-CLASS. Inquire at the Postoffice, Bismarck.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers

Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty

SEMINARY.

ST. MARY'S HALL.

FAIRBAULT, MINN.

Rev. Rev. H. E. WHIPPLE, D. D., Rector.

Mrs. S. P. DAKINSON, Principal.

This is one of the best appointed and met

through boarding schools for young ladies in the country, and offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. It is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with ten experienced teachers. A foreign teacher resides at the Hall for daily conversation, as well as class instruction, in French and German. The fifteenth school year will begin on Thursday, Sept. 14th, 1880. For Regulations, containing full information concerning the school, and for admission, address Bishop Weyman, Fairbault, Minn.

Sept 5

MEDICAL.

Galenic Medical Institute.

45 EAST THIRD ST. SAINT PAUL, MINN.

Established 1861, for the cure of Chronic Diseases, including Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Stricture, etc.

The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases, and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken and may be consulted personally or by letter.

No Fee Till Cured

THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above Diseases, with the systems and plans for the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing 32 pages and over 100 plates and drawings, sent on receipt of fifty cents of stamps. A Private Medical Pamphlet of 32 pages and chart of Questions for setting case sent free. All business strictly confidential. Office hours 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sunday excepted. Address as above.

DR. FELLER'S

Private MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

42 Jackson Street, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

[Four doors from Merchants Hotel.]

Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.

NO CURE, NO PAY

Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pain in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder are CURED FOR LIFE.

Young, Middle Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Syphilis, Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Sexual Power, as the result of self abuse, youth or excess of mature years, profligate excesses, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, depression, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time where all others have failed, by Dr. F.

The doctor is a regular graduate of many years experience in this specialty. His medicine having been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Confidentially and personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence accepted confidentially. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours 9 a.m. to 12 m., and 1:30 to 8 p.m. Sunday closed.

Free Gift! TO ALL

who suffer with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, General Ill Health, Wasting, Decay, Urinary Diseases, Spinal Diseases, Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc., is whom will be sent my book on Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Baths, worth renewed for their success in saving many lives, by Curing ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. Send Symptoms and stamp for Diagnosis to DR. C. E. FELLER, 174 W. Fourth St. Cincinnati, O.

A BOLD PLAN. Circulating and operating many of these books has had every advantage of capital, and successful management. Lower priced than any other. Investments of \$10 to \$1500. (Include, with full plan, 100,000 copies of each book, made for LAWRENCE & CO., 15 Broadway, New York.)